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## The Mercury.

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1789, and now is in its one hundred and fifty-fifth year. It is the oldest newspaper in America, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and business columns. Reaching no far into households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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### Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—Andrew S. Nickle, President; Daniel J. Coughlin, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays.

ADMIRAL THOMAS GAGE, Spanish War Veteran. Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays. Commander, Charles Holt; Adjutant, Marshal W. Hull.

NEWPORT LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—Sidney D. Harvey, Chancellor; Commander, Robert B. Franklin; Keeper of Records and Seal. Meets 1st and 3d Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P.—Knight Captain F. A. G. Stuart; J. W. Schwarz, Recorder. Meets 1st Fridays.

NEWPORT LODGE, No. 229, Independent Order Sons of Benjamin—Louis Cook, President; Louis V. Kravetz, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.

L. J. JOSEPHSON LODGE, President, Joe Daniels; Treasurer, Daniel Rosen. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.

## Local Matters.

### Board of Aldermen.

The board of aldermen had a long and busy session on Thursday evening, the time being occupied by a large variety of business. It was voted to call a meeting of the representative council for Monday evening, March 8, to hear the report of the committees of 26 and act on the budget. The meeting could legally be called at an earlier date, but this was found to be the most convenient.

Mr. May Levy appeared before the board in the interests of Anton Avella, who was the lowest bidder on the contract for collecting ashes, but who did not receive the contract. Mr. Levy questioned the legality of the action of the board, stating that the proper course to pursue was to report back the bids to the council, have an appropriation made, and receive instructions to make a contract. There was considerable discussion about the matter, several members questioning Mr. Levy's position, and it was finally voted to refer the matter to the city solicitor for an opinion.

Another matter of considerable interest was a discussion between Chief Kirwin and several members of the board regarding various poles and the duties of the superintendent of wires. Last week a committee was appointed to look into the matter of poles in the Harrison avenue section, and at this meeting they reported progress. Chief Kirwin inquired about the poles for a new air line on Greenough place, and Superintendent Gosling gave some explanations of the pole situation.

Mr. Kirwin then asked Alderman Hughes about remarks made at last week's meeting regarding the pole situation, and for a few minutes there was a rather lively discussion. It was finally decided to request the city solicitor for an opinion as to the powers and duties of the chief in this matter. There was also talk about guy wires for the poles in the Harrison avenue district being placed on trees on private property. After much time had been given to this matter, Mayor MacLeod finally requested Mr. Kirwin to allow the board to proceed with its business.

Other business before the board included the approval of weekly bills and pay rolls and the granting of a number of licenses. It was also voted that the city clerk be directed to collect for licenses before presenting them to the board, as he had found it impossible to collect for some licenses after they have been granted.

Alfredus Hughes suggested that the board consider the matter of purchasing a small piece of the front of the Congdon estate on Broadway, so as to straighten a bad place in the sidewalk there.

The United States Lawn Tennis Association voted last week to hold the annual tournament for the national championship in singles at the Casino courts in this city during August as usual.

Last Sunday was a beautiful day, and it seemed at noon as if spring had arrived. It was not encouraging to the ice men however.

### New Depot Promised.

Mensis, Harry A. Titus, William P. Clarke and William MacLeod, the committee of the Newport Board of Trade, to investigate the matter of a new railroad depot for this city, made a second trip to Boston on Wednesday to have another interview with President Melvin by appointment. That this visit was most successful is evidenced by the following report presented to the Board of Trade at a meeting on Wednesday evening:

The committee appointed by the Board of Trade to confer with the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad company relative to the matter of obtaining a new railroad station at Newport has the honor to report that it has received the promise of President Melvin of the New Haven road to erect a new and substantial station which will be placed upon substantially the same location that the present station occupies, with, however, an approach to Louis wharf.

President Melvin assured your committee that the new station would be one that the citizens of Newport would feel was in keeping with the reputation of Newport as a beautiful city, and that he would be pleased in the near future to submit to the committee the complete plans of the improvements.

Your committee recommends that the Board of Trade endorse the action of the committee in urging the immediate completion of the outlined plan and that the committee be authorized to convey to President Melvin the thanks of the Board of Trade for his cordial reception of its committee.

Respectfully submitted,

H. A. TITUS.  
WM. P. CLARKE.

WILLIAM MAGLEOD.

The Board of Trade meeting was well attended, the hall in the Builders & Merchants Exchange being well filled. President Titus presided, and the board gave a vote of thanks to the committee for their efficient services. A vote of protest against the dumping of refuse off Rose Island was passed and will be communicated to the General Assembly. Several new committees were appointed.

### Washington's Birthday.

To-day is the anniversary of the birth of George Washington, and as it is a legal holiday, banks and public offices will be closed. There will be no general closing of business places, perhaps less than last year, because the holiday falls on a Saturday which is a bad time to close. The gun squad of the Newport Artillery will fire a salute at noon, but there will be no street parade.

The opening members of William Ellery Channing, D. A. R., will commemorate the day by a gathering for members and guests at the residence of Mrs. John P. Sauborg. The annual ball of the Newport Artillery Company will be held next Monday evening, being carried over because of the holiday falling on a Saturday. Major Robert C. Eads will be the door manager at the ball. It is expected that there will be a large attendance.

Much interest was taken in the public hearing given by the House committee on judiciary on Wednesday on the bills introduced to prevent the dumping of matter dredged in Providence harbor or other places up the bay, in the vicinity of Rose Island. Representatives Max Levy and John B. Sullivan of this city spoke against such dumping in unmeasured terms, appealing to the interest of the residents of Newport and Jamestown, and also threatening the development of Narragansett Bay as a great naval station. Representatives of some contractors and officials of the city of Providence spoke against the bill as working a hardship in the development of Providence harbor.

On every hand opposition is heard in Newport to the proposal for the State to guarantee the bonds of the New England Southern Railway. Much dissatisfaction has also been expressed at the introduction of a bill to provide more money for the development of Providence harbor in the upper part of the State. Representative George C. Carr also has under consideration the construction of a plant.

There will be meetings of unusual interest at the State Normal School on Friday and Saturday, March 7 and 8. Addresses will be made by Hon. L. R. Alderman, State Superintendent of Schools; Mr. J. H. French, superintendent at Los Angeles; Mr. Curtis S. Meek, superintendent at Boise, Idaho; Dr. Witsip, and Dr. Suzzallo.

Work has been begun on repairing the old Allen house at the corner of Spring and Stone streets, which was badly damaged during the Weaver fire. The insurance has been adjusted after long delay owing to the absence of the owner abroad. The whole upper part of the house will have to be rebuilt.

A bottle thrown overboard from the Nantucket Shoals lightship in August, 1910, has been picked up on one of the small Bahama Islands, and the data found within has been returned to the writer. This was a long voyage for a bottle, and it took a number of years to complete the trip.

Miss Jessie Steel, who died in Peru, India, last Sunday, was the eldest daughter of the late John and Mary Steel of this city. Some two years ago, following the death of her mother she went to Peru to reside with her sister, Mrs. Frank P. Sleeper.

The annual meeting of the Torpedo Station Employees Mutual Benefit Association was held on Thursday evening when several important changes in the by-laws were made. The old officers were re-elected for the year.

Deputy Sheriff Frank L. DeBlois has been at Block Island this week to summon jurors for the March session of the Superior Court.

Mr. George A. Pilcher has returned from Scarsdale, N. Y., where he has been visiting his son, Rev. Arthur O. Pilcher.

The class of 1913 has voted to present a set of books to the Rogers High School as their graduating gift.

### Council to Fleet.

The representative council will meet on Monday evening, March 8, to consider the report of the committee of 25, which includes the tentative budget. The printed copies of the report have been mailed to all the taxpayers as required by law.

The budget this year is a big one. The total amount of appropriations recommended is \$734,547.30, and there are estimated receipts, aside from taxation, of \$183,827.22, leaving \$600,720.28 to be raised by taxation. The committee will recommend, however, that some of this money, which is really to go for permanent improvements, be paid by a bond issue, which will prevent a large increase in the tax rate for this year.

The committee has gone over the requests for the appropriations very carefully and has found little that could be cut out. Whether or not the council will approve the budget exactly as recommended remains to be seen. There are many matters that are open to discussion, and the council may decide to take some different action from that of the committee. There is very general interest in the matter of new equipment for the fire department, and it is known that there are many members of the council who favor a motor driven steam engine instead of a horse drawn engine as recommended by the chief and approved by the committee. It is barely possible that an attempt may be made on the floor to change this plan.

There was a small attendance at the special town meeting in Jamestown last Saturday. There were two propositions. One authorized the council to contract with the Bay State Railway Co. for lighting the streets, and made an appropriation of \$2000 therefore. The other called for a change in the date of the annual town meeting from the first Wednesday in June to the first Wednesday in April. Both propositions were approved, the total vote being small.

Mr. John Ring, who died on Friday last week, was one of the oldest citizens of Newport, having been born in Michigan in 1835. Many years ago he was in command of the water boat in Newport harbor, and during the Civil War followed the occupation of a tent maker. He was for many years in the employ of the late Joshua Sayer, and afterward of the late George C. Barker. He leaves four sons and four daughters.

The Newport Beach Association has awarded the contract for the construction of the addition to the dining hall and the walk between the dining hall and west pavilion to Fagan & Kelly. Work will be begun at once and pushed as fast as the weather will permit. The construction of the addition to the dance hall is already under way.

The lack of an ice crop in Jamestown this winter has caused the formation of places for artificial plants for that town. Ex-Senator Isaac H. Clarke proposes to erect a plant for the manufacture of ice, and it is understood that Representative George C. Carr also has under consideration the construction of a plant.

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### Superior Court.

The March session of the Superior Court for Newport County will open in this city on Monday, March 8th, and it is probable that one of the new Justices, Judge Chester W. Barrows, will preside. There is a long docket, including a number of new cases, especially in the parts devoted to civil actions and divorce cases.

The new cases for this term are as follows:

#### CIVIL ACTIONS.

John P. Sauborg vs. New York Central & Hudson River R. R. Co., Newport Foundry & Machine Co. vs. Jeremiah K. Sullivan.

Percy T. Bailey vs. W. Cannon Swan et al.

James J. Dugan vs. Emma H. Elder, Jeremiah K. Sullivan vs. John O'Neill, Frank Littlefield vs. Alton H. Mott, et al.

Thomas Dunn vs. James A. Ray.

The Hove Company vs. Bridget A. Boyle et al.

Howard G. Peckham vs. Howard R. Peckham.

Orlando G. Pearce vs. Joseph Peckham.

Peleg D. Humphrey vs. Robert Wolfenden.

John Walmsley et al. vs. Curtis Nickerson et al.

#### INDICTMENTS.

State vs. Nicholas K. Card (2 cases).

State vs. Lewis Young.

State vs. William H. Tucker (2 cases).

#### COMPLAINTS.

State vs. William P. Walsh.

State vs. Anthony Silvia.

State vs. Samuel Murphy.

#### DIVORCE.

Marie Elizabeth Carl vs. Jefferson Carl, Charles D. Burbridge vs. Mary A. Burbridge.

Sellie Butler vs. Carl D. Butler.

José Francisco Manuel vs. María Ignacia Manuel.

Jeanne O. Pearce vs. Chester D. Pearce, Elizabeth B. Cozzens vs. John Edward Cozzens.

Kristina Berneton Olson vs. Fritz Olson, Catheryn A. Couch vs. Stephen Couch, Martha M. Pierce vs. Bertram C. Pierce.

James T. Roach vs. Alice M. Roach, May Estelle Kuhkern vs. Harry L. Kuhkern.

Agnes Paulina Tabler vs. George K. R. Tabler.

Elihu C. Manuel vs. Simeon A. Manuel, Elizabeth A. Conroy vs. Edward R. Conroy.

George E. Sherman vs. Margaret Sherman.

#### JURORS DRAWN.

The board of aldermen have drawn the following to serve as jurors as required during the year:

James S. Gross, chemist; Charles G. Hull, gardener; Roland King, gentleman; Daniel E. Sullivan, gardener; Lovett Anderson, ice maker; John T. Cory, cobbler; Michael Manning, shoemaker; William H. Young, painter; John Welch, laborer; George H. Martland, carpenter; Ernest P. Andrea, baker; John Nolan, laborer; Florence E. Sheehan, palofer; Peter J. O'Connor, mason; Martin W. King, gardener; Herman J. Sullivan, laborer; Henry V. Stanley, clerk; David D. Kelly, innkeeper; Henry Spangler, paperhanger; Patrick Hayes, laborer; William T. Scott, laborer; John T. Keefe, driver; Michael Spillane, laborer; William G. Oax, engineer; Michael T. Nolan, tinsmith.

The jurymen drawn follow: William Franco, swing maker; Robert B. Houe, gentleman; Robert A. Radwell, tinsmith; Benjamin H. Stevens, Jr., machinist; Charles Strother, driver; Alexander Black, waiter; William H. Bartow, painter; Marco A. Russo, porter; George M. Lovell, gardener; Herbert M. Vial, driver; Dennis Whitaker, sweater; James J. Taughton, clerk; John McDonald, watchman; Arthur J. Leahy, gardener; Peter Larson, laborer; Joseph J. Kirby, bowler; Abram E. Hardy, porter; Clarence A. Thurston, clerk; Eugene Regan, plumber; Carl E. Lindau, laborer.

At the Shiloh Baptist Church, Rev.

H. N. Jeter, D. D., pastor, Rev.

O. Paul Thompson, the noted singing evangelist, has been preaching to crowded houses all the week. This evening, Saturday, he will conduct an old fashioned experience and prayer meeting, while Dr. Jeter and his workers will have charge of a street service on Long wharf and West Broadway.

Mr. Thompson will preach at the church on Sunday morning, and in

**SHEPHERD**

By  
HENRY TYRELL  
Founded on  
BRONSON HOWARD'S  
Great Play

**A Stirring Story of Military Adventure and of a Strange Wartime Wooing**

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## CHAPTER XIX.

## The Surrender.

**I**T was a lovely Sabbath morning of springtime—the 2d of April, 1865. The church bells of Richmond had rung out the summons to divine service.

At St. Paul's Episcopal church the usual large and aristocratic congregation listened attentively to the earnest discourse of the Rev. Dr. Minnigerode. Jefferson Davis, the chief executive of the southern Confederacy, occupied his pew in the middle of the central aisle, nearly opposite the now vacant one belonging to General Robert E. Lee.

An orderly in uniform entered the church somewhat precipitately, yet without disturbance, and delivered a telegram to Mr. Davis, who quietly rose and went out. The occurrence was noticed, but attracted no special attention among a congregation who during the four years just had grown accustomed to sudden alarms and untimely notice of threatened attack. It was the day after the battle of Five Forks.

The dispatch was from General Lee, announcing his withdrawal from Petersburg and the consequent necessity for the immediate evacuation of Richmond. "Immediate evacuation" meant getting out by 8 o'clock that night. The news spread as quickly as such news can. Women prayed, men wept and cursed and despaired; children wondered, negroes rather enjoyed the excitement, especially after the issue of a proclamation to the effect that all who wished might come to the commissary department and get free provisions.

As for the soldiers, they had their orders from General Lee. Troops were to leave their lines everywhere at 8 o'clock that evening and take up the line of march for Amelia Court House, a small Virginia village on the Richmond and Danville railroad, some forty miles southwest of Richmond.

Early in the afternoon Colonel Robert Ellington hastily dismounted from his horse in front of a house in Franklin street and sprang up the front steps. Before he reached the door it flew open and Gertrude, freshly dressed in white lawn, extended both hands in eager welcome. Beside her, in black civilian clothes, stood what looked like the ghost of Kerchival West. In the background appeared another familiar phantom of the far past—none other than Dr. Ellingham of Charleston, now white-haired and more aged looking than the lapse of years alone should have called for.

"Sister! Kerchival, old boy! Uncle!" panted Bob, full of excitement. "Were you prepared for the news? What do you think you'll do?"

"Kerchival and I are going to be married right away," answered Gertrude, with the astounding imperturbability of one who had arranged and settled everything.

"Married!" gasped Bob, instinctively clutching the air, as if for support. "Now—at such a time? Don't you know that I am under marching orders and that President Davis and the cabinet are to leave for Danville by the evening train and that the Federal army will be occupying Richmond by this time tomorrow?"

"Yes, Robert. We were in church this morning when the news came. Kerchival and I have figured it all out, and the doctor agreed with us—that as Richmond has fallen and Kerchival has been released from Libby on parole and uncle is here from Charleston the only way for us two to guard against separation again is to get married now so that I can be with—with my husband, whatever happens. So we have sent for the Rev. Dr. Minnigerode, and, now that you are here, the ceremony can be performed and you be off to join General Lee in half an hour's time, for I suppose he will need you now more than ever."

So they were married, Kerchival and Gertrude, and Colonel Ellingham left them immediately after the ceremony radiantly happy together in the midst of the climactic converging of all the storms of war.

President Davis and his cabinet had left Richmond by special train to Danville. Colonel Robert Ellingham had hurried away on horseback in the opposite direction immediately after the marriage ceremony to join the army of General Lee, now marching out of Petersburg up the north side of the Appomattox river toward Amelia Court House.

The only people who remained in Richmond were those who were poor and could not go away, or those who, like the Ellinghams, had home interests to hold them there and no other place to go to should they leave the city, and those others who, like Colonel Kerchival West, were Union soldiers in Confederate prisons or on parole.

At the same time General Grant was riding into Petersburg through deserted streets between rows of closed, silent streets. The next day he started with his army after the departing Confederates, his columns moving south of the Appomattox parallel to Lee's route north of that stream. He had foreseen that Lee in his retreat would endeavor to reach Amelia Court House, where his separate columns coming from Petersburg and Richmond could

unite and where he might expect to receive supplies.

Two days later, the retreat continuing, Sheridan descended with a large force upon the Confederate rear guard at Sailor's creek, a small tributary flowing north into the Appomattox, and overwhelmed the commands of Generals Ewell and Anderson, capturing these and several other high officers, including General Lee's eldest son, General G. W. Custis Lee.

On April 7 the Confederates stopped at Farmville to rest, having come up with the first provisions that had reached them since leaving Petersburg, and to fight again. This time they succeeded in beating off Sheridan's cavalry and pushed on another stage toward Lynchburg.

But the once great army of Northern Virginia was now reduced to two small corps of infantry, and the cavalry corps under Generals Fitz Lee, Gordon and Rosser, for the one time commander of the Laurel brigade of the Shenandoah valley, had rallied a new mounted force and was now doing yeoman's service in an all but hopeless campaign where laurels were scarce, but where loyalty and courage did not go unheeded.

Colonel Robert Ellingham was with Gordon, whose cavalry corps, after fighting all the way from Petersburg as rear guard for the wagon trains, was now transferred to the front.

"My corps is worn to a frazzle," said the gallant Gordon at the campfire council on the night of the 8th, "but if the force beyond Appomattox Court House is Sheridan's cavalry alone we can hold it until Longstreet comes up and then cut through."

The attack was made at daybreak. There was a moment when it took on the pretentious look of a victory as the Confederate lines charged, cheering wildly, and redoubled their fire as the Union cavalry slowly fell back. They did not know that Sheridan already had the game in his hands and was now only skirmishing for a wind-up without incurring any more loss that should be absolutely needless. No sooner had the cavalry disappeared from their front than Lee's troops saw the solid infantry lines of the Army of the James massed before them, ready for an attack. Longstreet, covering the Confederate rear, was at the same time threatened by Meade with a superior force and could not come to



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McLean House, Where Grant and Lee Met.

Gordon's aid. The firing suddenly ceased. The Confederate line halted, hesitated, then suddenly faced about and fell back upon the confused, torn mass of rifled grays that were huddled around Appomattox Court House.

"The war in Virginia is over," said Sheridan to General Haverill, passing as the latter's troops still advanced, until a white flag of truce appeared in the distance, approaching like a reluctant dove of peace.

"Now there is nothing left me but to go and see General Grant," General Lee had said.

"Oh, general," came the protest of his lieutenants, "what will the world say of the surrender of your army in the field?"

"Yes, they will say hard things of us, I know. They will not understand how we were overwhelmed by numbers. But that is not the question. The question is, is it right to surrender? If it is right then I will take all the responsibility."

The note brought under flag of truce to the Federal lines was General Lee's reply to an earlier communication from General Grant. The proposition had been made and accepted for a suspension of hostilities pending negotiations looking to the surrender of Lee's army.

During the interval occupied by these arrangements a stately, gray bearded Federal officer approached Colonel Ellingham, who had been sent by General Gordon with the flag of truce, and drawing something—doubtless a document—from his side pocket said:

"Colonel, I have been requested while waiting to extend to you the courtesies of this side of the line—at the same time proffering the supposed document which proved to be a silver disk."

Then Colonel Ellingham recognized General Haverill—the Mexican, war comrade of his father under the old flag, and his own and Gertrude's guardian until the great sundering of sacred ties by the awful outbreak of civil strife that now had spent itself after laying the country and its homes and industries desolate.

"We meet under difficult circumstances, General Haverill," faltered Bob, "but—I trust there are no hard feelings."

"None, Robert, my boy—quite the contrary. It is fine, God knows! How are Gertrude and—"

"She and Kerchival were married last Sunday," answered Bob. He saw the general's face alter strangely, and his whole attitude stiffen, as if his heart had suddenly frozen. So he hastened to add, "But we have not been able to locate Captain Heartsease, and I hardly dare to speculate as to what has become of him."

"On that point I can give you welcome news," said General Haverill, recovering his old cordiality. "He escaped while being transferred from Develins and came to us at Petersburg to rejoin the corps. But he was in no condition for campaigning, so I sent him on to Washington, where I have no doubt Miss Jenny Buckthorn will succeed in nursing him to recovery."

In due time word was received from General Grant that he was coming on immediately to discuss terms of surrender with the southern commander.

General Grant's courier found General Lee near Appomattox Court House, lying under an apple tree upon a blanket spread over some rails, whence originated the report about Lee's having surrendered "beneath the apple tree of Appomattox."

The historic meeting of the two generals really took place at the house of Wm. McLean, a Virginian, who, before and during the first battle of Manassas, had resided at McLean's Ford, over Bull Run, and who had removed thence to Appomattox expressly in order to be out of the war's way.

General Grant, accompanied by Generals Sheridan and Ord and several other officers, including General Haverill, presented a striking contrast to General Lee, who, with a couple of staff officers, swelled him to the old fashioned parlor of the McLean residence.

Grant, forty-three years old, medium sized and somewhat stoop shouldered, wore no marks of rank except a general's shoulder straps on his blue flannel blouse. His trousers were tucked in his boots, and he had neither spurs nor sword. Lee, a dozen years older than his late adversary, had the stature and bearing of an old knight crusader. His hair and beard were silver gray. He wore a plain but handsome uniform of Confederate gray, top boots with spurs, gauntlets and a dress sword. This unaccustomed side arm was a splendid blade engraved on one side with the motto "Aide-toi et Dieu t'aidera," on the other side with the inscription, reminiscent of the cam-

pling that had ended at Antietam, "General Robert E. Lee, from a Marylander, 1863."

The terms of surrender discussed and reduced to writing at General Lee's request embraced the parole of officers and men "not to take up arms against the government of the United States until properly exchanged;" arms, artillery and public property to be turned over to Federal officers, this latter provision not embracing the side arms of the Confederate officers nor their private horses or baggage.

A message came a little later from General Buckthorn saying that Captain Heartsease had something of importance for Edith and Mrs. Haverill and inviting them to come over to his house as soon as possible to receive it.

"My dear mother," said Captain Heartsease, addressing himself to Edith. "I have here the notebook of Lieutenant Frank Bedloe, otherwise Haverill, in which Miss Gertrude Ellingham wrote down his dying message to his young wife—to you, madam."

Edith seized the precious relic, clasped it to her heart, kissed it and then tried through eyes brimming with tears to scan its blurred pages while chokingly uttering her thanks to Captain Heartsease.

"How did it come into your possession?" Mrs. Haverill asked him.

"Why, you see, Miss Ellingham now, I should say; Mrs. Colonel Kerchival West, sent it to me from Richmond as soon as she learned I was here because it was uncertain at what time the Federal would be released on his parole, and—"

"Here they are!" called the deep, hoarse voice of General Buckthorn as he hustled in, attended by the faithful Sergeant Barkett. "Ladies, we

"I suppose," said Grant sympathetically, "that a great many of the men in your ranks are small farmers who they are at home and in that case will need their horses just now to put in crops to carry themselves and their families through next winter. Well, then, we will have it set down that any man who claims to own a horse or who may return the animal and take it home with him."

"That will have a very good effect," said Lee, much gratified.

The Union commander acted with good grace in his own disposition and at the same time was in perfect accord with the expressed wish of President Lincoln at Richmond, when General Welles had asked what he should do in regard to the "conquered people."

"Oh, if I were you I'd let 'em up easy!" was Mr. Lincoln's reply. "I'd let 'em up easy."

Indeed, the behavior of Grant at Appomattox touched the heights of true poetic chivalry, springing from a kind and magnanimous heart. He neither demanded nor accepted Lee's sword; as formal military custom might have justified him in doing, but actually apologized for not having his own, which in the hurry of departure he had left behind in the wagon.

The double wedding was to take place at St. John's, Washington. In that venerable and picturesque old church across the park from the White House the gallant and impetuous Captain Heartsease, after an intermittent courtship that had lasted considerably longer than the late civil war, was gaily to claim Jenny Buckthorn as his unblushing bride.

And the added feature of the occasion, arranged at the eleventh hour in consequence of the arrival of Colonel Robert Ellingham, late of the Confederate army, from a veritable Odyssey of experiences after Appomattox, to be united inseparably with gentle but un-

feathering Madeline West.

Such an occasion, of course, would be incomplete without Madeline's brother Kerchival and Colonel Ellingham's sister Gertrude. That happy pair of "newlyweds" were even now hastening on from Richmond for the grand matrimonial celebration of the war's ending. Dr. Ellingham had promised to come with them. The headquarters of the joyous and eventful reunion was to be the hospitable home of General Buckthorn.

The return of General Haverill was set for the very day of the wedding of his former ward, Robert Ellingham. That the call of his own home had not brought him back long before seemed inconceivable to all—most of all to his own wife, Mrs. Constance Haverill.

Mrs. Haverill and her daughter Edith, as she now called poor Frank's widow, sat together in the cozy morning room of the Haverill residence the day before the future the day. Edith's little son, a sturdy four-year-old, was playing soldier with some other children in the doorway outside.

"It seems hardly possible that the war is over," said Edith, standing at the window. "With the troops returning and the flags flying and the bands playing, every day is like a holiday. And so it is, I suppose, for those fortunate women whose husbands are coming back to them."

"Yes, Edith dear," sighed Mrs. Haverill, "to those women whose husbands are coming back to them. Ah, forgive me, pet! I was selfishly thinking of myself, but you know that in my heart I also share your grief."

"Dear, it is months since you have shown me any letter from General Haverill—from Frank's father. And did you not expect the general home before now?"

"That is what I meant when I spoke just now."

"I wonder if it is because I am heroic? He has never seen me, and sometimes I fear he has never forgiven our marriage—Frank's and mine."

"Nonsense, Edith child!" Mrs. Haverill rejoined quickly. "If only that were all! He will at least be eager to see you now, and little Frank."

"And yet, in his official report to the government, when he told the whole world how bravely Frank's father died, General Haverill only wrote the name of Lieutenant Bedloe. It looks as though nothing, in his mind, could atone for the disgrace his son brought upon his name."

Mrs. Haverill rose from her chair and turned away, brushing her handkerchief across her eyes, as she said, more to herself than to Edith:

"I know him so well—the pride that conquers all the tenderness in his nature. He can be silent and cold when his heart is breaking—yes, and when my heart is breaking too!"

A message came a little later from General Buckthorn saying that Captain Heartsease had something of importance for Edith and Mrs. Haverill and inviting them to come over to his house as soon as possible to receive it.

"My dear mother," said Captain Heartsease, addressing himself to Edith. "I have here the notebook of Lieutenant Frank Bedloe, otherwise Haverill, in which Miss Gertrude Ellingham wrote down his dying message to his young wife—to you, madam."

Edith seized the precious relic, clasped it to her heart, kissed it and then tried through eyes brimming with tears to scan its blurred pages while chokingly uttering her thanks to Captain Heartsease.

"How did it come into your possession?" Mrs. Haverill asked him.

"Why, you see, Miss Ellingham now, I should say; Mrs. Colonel Kerchival West, sent it to me from Richmond as soon as she learned I was here because it was uncertain at what time the Federal would be released on his parole, and—"

"Here they are!" called the deep, hoarse voice of General Buckthorn as he hustled in, attended by the faithful Sergeant Barkett. "Ladies, we

"Can it be that you did not receive Constance's—mother's—letter after Frank's death?" ventured Edith.

General Haverill only shook his head.

Bowed in penitence, Mrs. Haverill went up and kissed him and he clasped her in his arms.

"Well, that's settled," growled a voice from the battlefield.

"Let me think. Thornton was taken a prisoner—and searched—by Kerchival West, and then he broke away and nodding Colonel West, and he hid in his pocket—Oh, Constance, my wife! In the presence of all, let me humbly beg your forgiveness for my unreasonableness and misunderstanding, these long months past."

"Can it be that you did not receive Constance's—mother's—letter after Frank's death?" ventured Edith.

"Tell them about the awful dangers you went through, when you escaped from prison. I'll bet you were badly scared more than once!"

"Aw—naturally. However, there were quite a jolly lot of chaps there, and we had our own fun. We got up a regular orchestra and gave concerts, don't you know. I had a banjo with one string, and I played one tune on it—'Turkey in the Straw.' If I remember rightly, it went like this."

Here the captain stopped to drum it out on the piano with one finger.

"Oh, bother that!" Jenny exclaimed. "Tell them about the awful dangers you went through, when you escaped from prison. I'll bet you were badly scared more than once!"

"No—only once, and that was all the time. One night I came face to face with a Confederate officer. It was Captain Thornton."

"Oh! What did you do?" everybody exclaimed, breathlessly.

"I killed him," answered Heartsease, with sudden intensity, looking up from the piano an instant, then dropping back mechanically to his one fingered "Turkey in the Straw."

That was all he ever said on the subject, and it was not until long afterward through other sources that the detailed story came out of how he had encountered the sangu

# CLEVER ILLUSTRATION WITH CONCLUSIVE PROOF.

There is an old formula in philosophy which says that no two things can occupy the same place at the same time. As a simple illustration, drive a nail into a board and you will find with every stroke of the hammer, the nail will force aside the particles of wood into which it is being driven, finally making a place for itself, and proving that the nail and the wood do not occupy the same place at the same time.

## DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

AND DR. DAVID KEN-

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Established by Franklin in 1798.

**The Mercury.**

Newport, R. I.

PUBLISHED BY MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

Office Telephone 181  
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Saturday, February 22, 1913.

The Mexicans can do no worse than called sharp abusers. The two forces were fighting at one another for a week in the heart of a great city, and yet the city stands.

It looks as though the State of New Hampshire would have to plod along with only one Senator in Congress for the next two years. Well, one Senator more or less will not make much difference.

If there had been war between the United States and Mexico there would have been great rivalry between Col. Roosevelt and Col. Bryan as to who should lead the American forces. Well, if they put it off a week longer Col. Bryan will be in the saddle and can now be brushing up his armor.

A report says feeling is growing among the democrats in Washington and is endorsed by republican observers, that President-elect Wilson has made a mistake in deferring the announcement of his cabinet until March 6, when he will submit his list to Senate for confirmation. Well, the anxious ones will not have much longer to wait.

If Gov. Wilson's anti-corporation bills pass the New Jersey legislature, as they undoubtedly will, it will result in foreign corporations taking out charters in some other state, probably Delaware, and New Jersey will lose many thousands of dollars in taxes. The taking out of a charter in Delaware by the American Railways Co., a New Jersey corporation, is the first tangible evidence of possible withdrawal from New Jersey of a corporation in consequence of enactment into law of Gov. Wilson's seven anti-trust bills.

The report of the committee of 25 was printed, bound and delivered to record time this year, the work being done at the MERCURY Office. The copy for the report was received at about this Saturday afternoon, and of course work was not begun until Monday morning. Then the sixteen pages of solid type, mostly tabular matter, were set up in eight hours and proofs were submitted to the city clerk. Tuesday morning the first form was put on the press and the 5000 impressions were run off in a few hours, ready for packing up. The front of the printed sheets went into the bindery to be folded, stapled and trimmed. Wednesday morning, and by noon the finished pamphlets were being delivered to the city clerk's office faster than he could fold them and insert them in the envelopes for mailing. By Thursday noon the entire edition had been delivered to the city clerk.

The river and harbor bill, now before Congress contains only two items of interest to Rhode Island people viz., \$181,000 for Providence river and harbor and \$600 for the Pawtucket river between Rhode Island and Connecticut. For all New England the bill contains appropriations amounting to \$897,272. None of the items for other parts of the country Hudson river, N. Y., \$1,580,000; Delaware river \$1,581,000; Norfolk to Beaufort Inlet \$300,000; Cape Fear river, \$852,930; Savannah harbor \$315,000; St. Johns river, Fla., \$614,300; Tombigbee river, Ala., \$1,333,500; Tennessee river, \$1,105,000; Ohio river, \$2,250,000; St. Marys river, Mich., \$500,000; Sheboygan harbor, Wis., \$237,000; Duluth harbor, \$375,280; Mississippi river, \$88,85,000; Mississippi river, \$2,300,000; Columbia river, Oregon, \$1,790,000. These are only a few of the items in the bill. Truly New England can be called very modest.

## Don't Guarantee the Bonds.

The proposition for the State to guarantee the bonds of the so-called double New England Railway to the extent of six million dollars is a most preposterous one, and one that should not be entertained for one moment. The State of Rhode Island cannot go into the project of railroad building, however meritorious the plan may be, and this Southern New England plan has little merit in it at best. As a money maker or dividend payer its chances at best are very slim. The Canadian sponser for the scheme evidently has little faith in its paying prospects, otherwise the necessary funds would be forthcoming from private sources. But aside from the question as to whether the road will ever pay or will not pay, the proposition for the State to go into railroad building, for that is what this guaranteed plan really amounts to, is insanely bad. It is opening up a channel for many wild schemes which might eventually bankrupt the State.

If this proposed road is of no great value to the people of Providence and the northern part of the State, why do not they put their own money into it and build it? There is money enough in Providence to build a dozen such roads. There is no rhyme nor reason in attempting to load out the State all sorts of doubtful schemes, with the hope that somebody at some time in the dim future may reap some sort of a benefit from the venture. We have had enough already. It is time to stop, and the stop should be made emphatic. The General Assembly should refuse, with a positive vote that would be convincing, to submit any such project to the people.

The New Haven Railroad has spent \$800,000 on improvements to its South Boston freight yards since last September. They now cover about 205 acres and include 75 miles of track, comprising the largest single freight terminus in United States.

## The Postal Service.

In the annual report which he has just sent out, which will be the last that he will issue, Postmaster General Hitchcock naturally desired to make a good showing for his department for the four years as he could. A large saving has been made, so he points out, in the net expense of the department, as compared with four years ago. The deficit at that time has been replaced by what is virtually a surplus. A surplus is not needed in the Postal Department, however. The people want the best service which they can get, and if it costs a little more than it brings to the revenue, the deficit can be made up from some other departments of the government, and the people will not grumble.

Mr. Hitchcock says that his saving has been made without impairing the efficiency of the service. This claim is disputed by many business men and by many metropolitan newspapers. Business men in the country's principal cities have been complaining of impeded service for a year or two. Sunday deliveries of letters and newspapers have been restricted to an embarrassing and injurious degree. The postal savings bank and the parcel post are devices introduced in the present postmaster general's term, which he as well as others urged, and which will add a little to his prestige. The postal savings banks now number 12,812, with deposits to the extent of \$28,000,000 but in the past year the receipts for the service fell \$275,000 below the expense. Even in the few weeks in which the parcel post has been in operation many defects in it have been revealed, and some changes are recommended by the postmaster general.

Mr. Hitchcock is correct in mentioning the gross abuse of the franking privilege, especially during the campaign of 1912, which cost the government \$20,000,000 in that year. Had full postage been charged upon that mail there would have been a real balance on the credit side of the department's account, and not an imaginary deficit one. There is a chance for reform here. Where does Mr. Hitchcock get the notion that the country wants to have the second-class mail rate, that on newspapers and periodicals, doubled? There is no demand among the people for anything of the sort. By their advertisements these publications bring in many millions of dollars of first-class mail to the government, and contribute very much toward that alleged surplus of which he boasts. By doubling the second-class rate the first-class rate could, as he says, be cut in half. But that is not the way the people want to get penny postage.

## General Assembly.

The General Assembly has begun to get down to business, more work being done in committees than on the floor of the two houses as yet. A number of committees reports have been made, and there is considerable business on the calendar for next week.

An interesting feature of the week was the success of the House Democrats, with the aid of a few Republican votes, in calling from the committee on special legislation the bill providing for manhood suffrage. Although this motion had been made many times before, for some reason, surprising both Republicans and Democrats, it was carried this time, and the bill was taken from the committee and placed on the calendar.

On Friday by invitation of the Legislature, the three representatives of the United States government on the Perry Victory Centennial Commission, which was in session in Providence, made addresses before the two houses in grand committee. The speakers included Lieutenant General Nelson A. Miles, Major General J. Warren Kellogg, and Rear Admiral Charles H. Davis.

A number of hearings have been scheduled by some of the committees for next week, and more business is expected from now on.

The statement is made with apparent authority that President-elect Wilson has selected Bryan for his Secretary of State, and the Boston noisy lawyer, Louis D. Brandeis, as secretary of commerce and labor. If this statement should prove to be correct, the new administration will make a bad start in the minds of most New England conservative people, Democrats as well as Republicans. The Democratic leaders in this section of the country have little love for either of these men.

It has developed within the past day or two that President Wilson will have a much more difficult problem to meet in tariff revision than had been expected. He is now practically certain to confront a combination of old line republicans and old line democrats in the Senate. These men are perfecting their plans for delaying tariff action, says a Washington report. The less action taken on the tariff the better it will be for the business of the country.

For the information of our older readers who remember when the case began, we would say that "Dakota Dan" and "Fresno Dan" are still fighting in the Massachusetts courts to prove themselves the long lost Daniel Blake Russell of Melrose, Mass., and heir to the fortune left by the father of said Russell. The fortune must be rapidly slipping into the lawyers' hands.

The New Haven Railroad has spent \$800,000 on improvements to its South Boston freight yards since last September. They now cover about 205 acres and include 75 miles of track, comprising the largest single freight terminus in United States.

## Sound Advice.

A prominent writer who has studied the affairs of this country with a clear mind says: "There is a settled hostility in the minds of a vast number of people in America against big corporations and interests. This has been brought about by the overbearing treatment inflicted upon the public by railroads and public utility companies in the years gone by. In those companies, and to some of those handling companies which the people were compelled to buy anyway, there was no necessity for inducing custom by courteous treatment.

The companies adopted the fatal policy of indifference or discourteous dealing with the public. This is something that an American will not stand. He is perfectly willing to pay good prices for good service, but he resents being abused. His resentment, smoldering at first, has, in the course of years, been fanned by newspapers and politicians into stinging opposition and enmity and finally into open warfare.

"The attitude of much of the public service has been changed, many abuses have been corrected, but this is not sufficient. Above all, just treatment must be accorded in every instance, but the big men and their subordinates all along the line must go to the people themselves and explain and promote friendship by hand-to-hand acquaintance. The American public is just and has good judgment and brains, but it must be made to understand through personal contact. The winning of favor must be undertaken with as much courteous solicitude and constant activity as great and small concern us in getting customers and new business, or the public in securing votes. A campaign of country-wide operation must be undertaken."

"In no other way, on this side of popular disapproval and resentment be stayed; a tide which it is dangerous to disregard, and which, unchecked, may sweep the great machinery of business into the rocks."

## Rhode Island Coal.

(Boston Herald.)

The Boston News Bureau says: "The new board of officers of the Portsmouth Coal Co., which succeeds the Rhode Island Coal Co., indicates that whether Gov. Foss runs again, or becomes mayor of Boston, or a member of Woodrow Wilson's cabinet, he is going to look actively after Rhode Island Coal, in which he is still a very great believer."

To this we might add, that if Gov. Foss still holds the same ownership in Rhode Island Coal as he did at the time of reorganization last spring, he has 100,000 shares of the stock. It is likely that he still does hold that ownership, for the success of the reorganization depended on Gov. Foss contributing to pay in \$100,000 if needed, under the assessment, and as we recall, he has never been a time since he passed over his first check for \$25,000 less than this, representing his first installment on the assessment, when he has been able to get his assessment back in the market price of the stock. Not long since \$50,000 investment in the first two installments of the assessment, stood him in the market at \$100,000, figuring the value of stock prior to assessment at zero, though some paid as high as 12½ for it.

Edward D. Robbins, General Counsel for the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company, states that the application of John D. Lindsey, counsel for Mr. Chamberlin of the Grand Trunk, for the appointment of a Commission to take testimony in London concerning the conditions of the financial markets which caused difficulty for the Grand Trunk in raising any money at the time when the work upon the line from Palmer to Providence was stopped, pales wholly to the Grand Trunk feature of the discussion, and has nothing whatever to do with the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company's side of the controversy. The counsel for President Mellon are Mr. Robbins, John H. W. Grim and William Greenough.

Lucius Tuttle, ex-President of the Boston Marine Railroad says railroads have accomplished more for the civilized world than any other industry by establishing actual communication from the Orient to the extreme portions of the west. In 1840 there were about 1000 miles of railroad in the United States, which today has a quarter of a million miles. During the pivotal days of the Civil War the taxable property of this country amounted to \$16,000,000,000 while today it amounts to \$116,000,000,000.

A bill is soon to come before the Massachusetts legislature providing for a new commission, to be known as the Massachusetts transportation commission, which will have almost the power of the public service commission which Gov. Foss has been advocating for two years. It will have entire supervision over railroads, electric railways, steamships, express companies, telephone and telegraph service, and will make a few more fat offices for the Massachusetts tax-payers to settle for.

James J. Hill, the great North Western railroad magnate says: "I have still about 5½ years' work laid out before me. When I shall have finished that I will be 80 years old, and then I guess I can find something else to do. Rest can only be enjoyed after a full day's work. Work never kills anybody; it is worry." Mr. Hill ventured the interesting opinion that great trouble with President-elect Wilson is that he inclined to talk above heads of the people.

The net funded debt of Boston, at \$75,000,000, is exceeded by the bonded debt of but two states in the Union, and one of them is Massachusetts. There are more than a dozen states with absolutely no bonded debt, and a dozen others whose outstanding bonds are in each case less than \$1,000,000.

Rev. N. J. Sprout, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of this city, has been elected president of the New England Presbyterian Association.

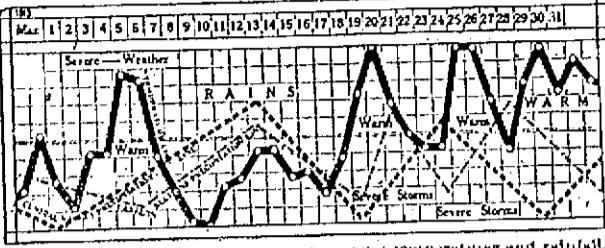
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## LIPTON'S TEA

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## WEATHER BULLETIN.



In above chart the treble line represents normal temperatures and rainfall. The heavy line with round white spots is temperature forecasts. Where it goes above the treble line temperatures are expected to be higher. Where it goes below the treble line temperatures will be lower. The broken zigzag line is rainfall forecast. As it goes higher indicates greater probability of rain and where it goes lower the reverse. Dates are for Meridian 90°. Count one or two of the lines west for west to east, and count for east for east to west for east to west to east.

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Washington, D. C., Feb. 23, 1913.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent Feb. 23 to March 1, warm wave 21 to 23, cool wave 27 to about 3. Unusually cold weather will precede this disturbance and the warm wave will not go very high, altogether making the temperature average below the normal. Not much precipitation most of which will precede the warm wave. The cold wave preceding this disturbance will be the low point of temperatures for Feb. and the trend of temperatures following will be decidedly upward, with spring drop weather coming in early.

Again we are all to be on the lookout for dangerous storms from Feb. 20 to 28. These storms are expected to be somewhat similar to those that occurred early in Jan., but not so radical and probably not in the same places.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about March 8, cross Pacific slope by close of 4, great central valleys 5 to 7, eastern sections 8. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about March 3, great central valleys 5, eastern sections 7. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about March 6, great central valleys 8, eastern sections 10.

This disturbance will be of greater force than usual but dangerous storms are not expected to accompany it. Precipitation will be less than usual. Some snow flurries in northern sections

European countries are now showing symptoms of a desire, if not intention, to protest against our immigration legislation, as England has already done about our canal tolls. If this keeps up we may have to ask permission of all the powers before introducing a bill into Congress.

## PORTSMOUTH.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Mrs. Arthur E. Peckham died at her home in Fall River, last week, of tuberculosis. Mrs. Peckham was Laura May Boyd, daughter of Mrs. Mary Katherine Boyd.

Mrs. Charles L. Freeborn is visiting Mrs. Bessie Cram.

Mrs. Burnice Manchester has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Walter E. Gray, of Tiverton Four Corners.

## DEATH OF DR. MINOT A. STEELE.

Dr. Minot A. Steele died at his home on Monday morning having been bitten by a dog about eight days previous, while making a professional call on a Portuguese family. Dr. Darrah, of Newport, was called to attend the case. He in turn called several specialists but they could not save the patient as erysipelas, gangrene, blood-poisoning and diabetes all developed. Dr. Steele was born in Hudson, N. H., and spent several years in Nashua before coming to Portsmouth, about twenty years ago. He was prominent in Masonic Circles being a member and a former master of Eureka Lodge of this town, high priest of Aquidneck Chapter, Royal Arch Masons. He was a member of the Rhode Island Medical Society, and had a large practice in Portsmouth and Middletown. He was prominent in the affairs of the town being appointed medical examiner by the State Legislature for about 16 years. He has been a member of the town council for several years, being number 3 in the council and chairman of the school committee. He was also health officer and constable to act with health officer. He is survived by a widow, and a mother, Mrs. Mary A. Steele; there are no children. Mrs. Minnie Townsend, of Haverhill, Mass. The funeral services were held in St. Paul's Church at two o'clock Thursday. The body was taken to the church about noon where it was viewed by many before the services. A body of Masons were on guard in full regalia, and during the service they were seated in the church. Rev. Anson B. Howard, rector of the church, conducted the services. The Euterpe Quartet sang the Burial Chant. Lead Kindly Light, and Abide With Me. The ushers were Messrs. William Grinnell and Theodore Lawton. The bearers were Messrs. Frederick A. Lawton, Theodore Lawton, Elbert S. Simon and William Bone, all being Masons. There were many handsome floral tributes.

At the close of the church service the Masonic service was conducted on the steps of the church by Worshipful Master George E. Lawton and Chaplain Albert E. Sisson. The body was carried to Waring's Undertaking rooms in Fall River, and on Friday it was taken to Nashua, N. H., for burial. It was accompanied by the widow and the bearers.

A large class of candidates were given

the first and second degree in the Portsmouth Grange Thursday evening. A valentine social and salad supper followed.

"Have you any references?" asked the lady of the house.

"Yes, ma'am, a lot of 'em."

"Why didn't you bring them with you?"

"They're just my photographs,

ma'am. None of 'em does no justice."

Detroit Free Press.

## FIREMEN WIN THEIR POINT

Erdman Act Will Be Applied In Railroad Controversy

## STRIKE IS THUS AVERTED

Managers Break Deadlock After Firemen's Leaders Were Authorized to Call Out 34,000 Men at Any Time—Two Arbitrators Already Chosen Will Select Third

New York, Feb. 19.—The eastern railroads have agreed to arbitrate the demands of the Brotherhood of Firemen and Enginemen under the Erdman act. This breaks the deadlock and averts the possibility of a strike at present.

The decision of the roads was announced in an official statement issued by Elisha Lee as chairman of the conference committee of managers. The managers feel, says the statement, that the public will not tolerate a strike.

The decision of the railroad managers was announced in a letter to the government mediators, Judge Knapp and Acting Commissioner of Labor Hanger. Immediately upon receipt of the letter, Knapp engaged in a conference with the firemen's representatives.

When the decision of the railroads was announced to the firemen, President Carter of the Firemen's Brotherhood said:

"We started out with the expectation of seeking

# REBELS DRIVE MADERO FROM PRESIDENCY

Betrayed by Two of His Generals and Taken Prisoner

## HUERTA IS REWARDED

FOR PLOT WITH DIAZ

Agreement Reached Whereby His Appointment to Provisional Presidency is Proclaimed—Blanquet Probably in Plot For Some Time—Deposed President's Brother is Shot

Mexico City, Feb. 19.—Betrayed by General Huerta and General Blanquet as a result of a plot with Diaz, Francisco I. Madero has been forced out of the presidency.

He was arrested at the national palace shortly before 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon by Blanquet.

Victoriano Huerta, commander of the federal troops, was proclaimed provisional president.

About the time Madero was seized by Blanquet, his brother, Gustavo Madero, the former minister of finance, was arrested by Huerta, who was dining with him in a public restaurant.

All the members of the cabinet were promptly placed under arrest, with the exception of Ernesto Madero, the uncle of the president, who held the portfolio of finance. He was apprised of the intentions against the government and managed to make his escape.

Notwithstanding the fact that some definite action was expected, the coup d'état at the palace created a sensation, and the exact status of affairs could not be ascertained for several hours.

The direct movement against Madero was the result of a plot which had been growing since Monday and which possibly existed with Blanquet for a much greater length of time.

From the first it had been known the Blanquet was unwilling to fight. His men were of the same mind. He held complete command over them, and it was not doubted that they would follow him in any adventure.

The forces numbering 1000 which arrived Monday were sent immediately to the palace, ostensibly to relieve the reserves there. The reserves were sent in the field.

An agreement between Blanquet and Huerta was reached Monday night, but the first intimation that Blanquet's men had of the new role they were to play was shortly before the successful stroke was made. Blanquet drew his men up in order and delivered a stirring speech.

"This inhuman battle must end," he said. "The time has come when some drastic means must be taken to stop a conflict in which father is killing son and brother is fighting against brother; where non-combatants are sharing the fate of war—and all this because of the caprice of one man."

Blanquet then issued orders for the arrest of the president and assigned a detachment for that duty. Madero was soon a prisoner in his own rooms.

One reason given for the attitude of Blanquet from the beginning was the presence of his son in the ranks of Diaz.

When the arrest of the president and his ministers became known, crowds gathered in the streets through which they paraded shouting "Vivas" for Huerta and Diaz. A conference was held between the representatives of the two generals and an agreement was reached whereby the appointment of Huerto to the provisional presidency was proclaimed.

## EXILE TO EUROPE

President Madero's Life Spared, but His Brother Is Executed

Mexico City, Feb. 20.—Francisco I. Madero, deposed from the presidency, will be exiled. Arrangements have been made for his departure from the capital for Vera Cruz. From there he will sail for some European port.

Madero will be accompanied by his wife and perhaps by his father and other members of his family.

His loyal aide, Captain Montes, will also go, but in the capacity of a guard. The party will proceed to Vera Cruz under escort.

The execution of Gustavo Madero, brother of the deposed president, was the most tragic occurrence of yesterday. He was subjected to the "fugitive law" and was shot to death by his guards.

The members of the cabinet and most of the other prisoners were released yesterday. Francisco Madero, Jose P. Suarez, the vice president, and Frederick G. Garza, governor of the federal district, were the only important prisoners held.

General Huerta, who has assumed the part of governor general and General Diaz had an extended conference, after which it was announced that they were in complete accord. Later Huerta was in conference with American Ambassador Wilson.

The execution of Gustavo Madero formed a tragic sequel to the upheaval in Mexico City Tuesday, when Francisco Madero's administration was turned out by federal generals and all the cabinet ministers were placed under arrest.

The ex-president and his brother, Gustavo, were sent yesterday as prisoners to the arsenal from which Felix Diaz had bombarded the city for ten

## IS ACTING PRESIDENT

Huerta, Madero's Right Hand Man, Who Turned Against Him



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## WILSON ON BIG CORPORATIONS

States His Attitude In Discussing New Jersey Laws

## NO MENACE TO HONEST MEN

Predicts New Era of Prosperity For State Under His Anti-Trust Bills, Just Enacted Into Law—Will Strike Monopoly and Restraint of Trade Whether Big or Little

Trenton, Feb. 21.—"Honest business and honest men have nothing to fear." This is the assurance which President-elect Wilson gave in a long statement explaining the enactment into law of the seven anti-trust bills which he has just signed.

"Those who would engage in the heartless practices of ruining rivals and fleching from the pockets of the people more than they ought reasonably to demand," said the governor, "are the only ones who will have cause to regret the enactment of these measures. I predict that under them the people of New Jersey will enter upon a new era of prosperity. I congratulate the legislature and the people on their passage. These laws mark a new era in our business life."

"Senate bill No. 43, the act defining trusts and designed to promote free competition and commerce in all classes of business," continued the governor, "makes it criminal to make an agreement which directly or indirectly precludes a free and unrestricted competition. . . . It was urged upon the legislature that the bill be amended by adding the word 'knowingly,' so that it would read that any person or persons who wilfully and knowingly makes an agreement in restraint of trade should be punished. . . . I understand that it is a general principle of law that there must be a guilty mind to constitute a guilty act. It seems to me that this affords ample protection to any honest man."

"It has already been charged with responsibility for the death of Colonel Riveroll, whom he is alleged to have shot at the time of his arrest in the palace."

A committee of deputies has now asked that Madero be forced to account for moneys expended by the administration. This committee called on President Huerta and urged that Madero be held accountable for the depleted condition of the treasury.

The last details of the organization of Mexico's new government were completed late yesterday afternoon when the members of Huerta's official family took the oath in the yellow room in the palace, immediately above that occupied by the deposed president and vice president.

The governor's statement denies charges made during the public hearings that the act would prevent a company which may lawfully loan money from taking a bond or mortgage to secure a payment.

"Every established business," he continued, "can go on without interruption as heretofore, but cannot thereafter expand by the acquisition of the stock and bonds of other corporations for the purpose of controlling them, and no corporation can in the future be organized to take over, hold or control other corporations."

The governor's statement denies charges made during the public hearings that the act would prevent a company which may lawfully loan money from taking a bond or mortgage to secure a payment.

Patrons Conducted to Safety Under Instructions of Operator

Worcester, Mass., Feb. 20.—Five persons were injured in a \$50,000 fire in the Family theatre which broke out last night, when about 200 persons were inside the building.

Under the instructions of Louis Cartier, the moving picture operator, the audience was conducted in safety from the theatre.

A general alarm was sounded for the fire, which threatened nearby buildings. It required four hours of stubborn fighting to put the flames under control.

Three of the five persons injured were firemen. The fact that the patrons reached the street without mishap was due almost solely to Cartier's presence of mind, for when the fire broke out in the dressing rooms under the stage he stepped into the auditorium to calm the audience.

FIRE IN MURKIN THEATRE

Patrons Conducted to Safety Under Instructions of Operator

Cincinnati, Feb. 18.—President John H. Patterson of the National Cash Register company, recently convicted along with twenty-eight other officials of the firm of violation of the Sherman anti-trust law, was sentenced to one year in the penitentiary and fined \$5000.

The twenty-eight other defendants were sentenced to terms ranging from nine months to a year in jail and to pay the costs.

Detroit, Feb. 17.—Fines aggregating \$50,000 were imposed upon the members of the bathtub trust by Judge Sessions upon the individual defendants, and ranged from \$5000 to nominal fines of \$1.

SWEENEY IS INDICTED

His Two Alleged Collectors of Police Graft Are Under Arrest

New York, Feb. 18.—Police Inspector Dennis Sweeny and two policemen alleged to have acted as his collectors of police graft were indicted by the extraordinary grand jury.

The policemen, Hartigan and Robinson, were immediately arrested on bench warrants. The indictments grew out of the recent confession of Police Captain Walsh.

The police officers to have the soldiers ready to move at short notice and to the transports to proceed to their destinations, where they were to embark troops and marines, were allowed to remain in force, officials reasoning that some benefit is to be derived from the experience that is gained through this attempt at mobilization even if there should be no occasion to give it a practical turn.

Schools Closed by Measles

Lawrence, Mass., Feb. 21.—Three public schools are closed as a result of an epidemic of measles in this city. Nearly 400 cases have been reported since the first of the year. Twenty-six cases were added to the list during the past twenty-four hours.

Subsidy For Olympic Games

Berlin, Feb. 21.—The German government has officially announced its intention to grant a subsidy necessary to insure a creditable German display in the Berlin Olympic games in 1916.

Doctor Killed by Dog Bite

Portsmouth, R. I., Feb. 18.—Blood poisoning, resulting from the bite of a dog, caused the death of Dr. Minot Steele, medical examiner for this district.

Hale Reported Much Improved

Washington, Feb. 18.—Former Senator Hale, ill at his home here, is reported much improved.

## JOAQUIN MILLER

Poet of the Sierras, Who Has Died in California



DEPOSITORS ARE EXEMPT

## EXEMPT.

MONEY ON DEPOSIT IN OUR

PARTICIPATION (SAVING) ACCOUNT

IS NOT LIABLE TO TAXATION.

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Dividends February and August.

## Industrial Trust Company.

Office with Newport Trust Co.

## CHAFING DISHES



### With an ALCOHOL Lamp

you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today

\* BAY STATE STREET RAILWAY COMPANY

USE

## Diamond Hill

## BIRD

—AND—

## Poultry Grit,

FREE FROM DUST.

White, and Clean,  
INSURES

Healthy Fowl.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT.

MANUFACTURED BY

Newport Compressed Brick Co.

Newport, R. I.

F. W. PUTMAN, OPT. D.

SCIENTIFIC REFRACTIONIST

—AND—

Dispensing Optician.

Formerly with H. A. Heath & Co.

Children's Eyes a Specialty.

## KNUCKLES USED TO CRACK AND BLEED

Hands Chapped. Suffered Terrible Pain. Used Cuticura Soap and Ointment Five Weeks, Hands Fine.

674 Park Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.—"My hands used to chap and bleed and they paled me very much. When I put them to water they used to burn terribly, especially in hot water. My hands looked dirty; that was because they were so chapped. The knuckles used to crack and bleed and I suffered terrible pain. I tried different remedies but they never did any good. A friend told me to try Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. I got some and made a lather from the Cuticura Soap and bathed my hands, then I dried them and put the Cuticura Ointment on and put on a pair of old gloves. I was surprised to see how my hands were healed. They used to be red and rough and now they are soft as velvet. I tried the Cuticura Soap and Ointment for a week and they got fine. I have no more trouble with my hands since I always use Cuticura Soap and I can't praise it enough to all my friends." (Signed) Mrs. M. Weberman, Dec. 22, 1911.

For pimples and blackheads the following is most effective and economical treatment:

Gently smear the affected parts with Cuticura Ointment, on the end of the finger, but do not rub. Wash off the Cuticura Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water and continue bathing for some minutes. This treatment is best on rising and retiring. At other times use Cuticura Soap freely for the toilet and bath, to assist in preventing inflammation, irritation and closing of the pores. Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Film Book, Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

At Tender-faced men should use Cuticura Soap Sharing Stick, 25c. Sample free.

## IT'S IT.

Never-Leak

Roofing.

## WHO DOES IT?

BILL SHEPLEY,

/ Oak Street.

118 SPRING STREET.

1:30 a. m.-8:30 p. m.

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## ASK ANY HORSE

**BLUM MEANT WELL.**

He Was Only Living Up to the Rules of His Club.

Under the second chapter bards were rampant that a sort of society or club was formed to fight them under the name of the "Société des Capitifs." It was a mutual aid society, every member of which was bound to come to the rescue of any other in the clutch of a harrumphing bore. The signal of distress was given by unashamedly scratching the side of one's nose, and a colleague on seeing this was expected to intervene and deliver his friend from rapacity.

The society was so useful and so popular—even harrumphing, it may be said—that it flourished exceedingly for many years and grew rich in members and subscriptions. Among its members was the veteran Journalist Ernest Blum, who, however, was rather clumsy at his work. He used to relate the following story:

"One day in passing the Gymnasie I saw two men talking. I knew one of them and took off my hat to him, whereupon he at once scratched his nose.

"I, of course, thought, he was a member of the club in distress whom I ought to deliver, so approached and, not knowing what to say, cried out: 'My dear Sir, I am delighted to meet you. I have an important piece of news to tell you. Allow me?' turning to the other man. 'Certainly,' replied this gentleman. I took my comrade aside, saying: 'You know I have nothing at all to tell you. I only wanted to rescue you. That is all.' 'Rescue me from what?' 'Why, from the bore.' 'What bore?' 'The man you were talking to, naturally.' 'But he is my father!'

Poor Blum had chanced upon somebody who was not a member of the society and who had merely scratched his nose absently or because he wanted to, which may happen to any man—Parisian Aunties.

**Fitted For the Part.**

When a new member of the Irish house of commons made his first speech, Sir William Osborne asked who he was, and being told he replied: "Well, I think he will do. If the opposition have enlisted him, they are perfectly fit in the right, for he seems to have the finest face for a grievance of any man I ever beheld."—National Monthly.

**A Remington Story.**

On Thanksgiving day a number of years ago the late Frederic Remington was in London on his first visit to England, where he announced to his friends he intended to "have a real vacation, away from moustaches and Indians." As a tribute to the noted artist, American residents in London joined in arranging a splendid Thanksgiving feast, Remington, of course, to be the guest of honor. The chef of the Hotel Carlton was told to spare no expense in obtaining fat gobblers, bluejackets, sweet potatoes and other trimmings for the genuine old-time dinner.

Not a hitch occurred to mar the occasion excepting that Remington failed to turn up. While London was raked fore and aft for the celebrated artist, the guests politely waited, waited until their stomachs quaked and their mouths watered for the luscious turkey. Late that night, when the feast was long since despatched, one of the guests wandered into Buffalo Bill's wild west show at Earle's court. Remington sat there drawing.

"Do not disturb him," ordered Colonel Cody. "He's getting some good local color from these Creek Indians. He's been here since 10 o'clock this morning."—Philadelphia North American.

**Not Discriminating.**

"Oh, thank you," exclaimed an elderly lady to a laborer who surrendered his seat in a crowded car; "thank you very much."

"That's all right, mam," was the rejoinder.

As the lady sat down the obdurate laborer added:

"Wat I see is, a man never oft to let a woman stand. Some man never gets up unless she's pretty, but you see, mam, it don't make no difference to me."—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

**Family Spats.**

"I might have married a millionaire," declared Everywoman. "One of my old schoolmates is now one."

"And several of your schoolmates are working right in this town for \$10 a week," retorted Everywoman, "while one of them is in jail. I guess in marrying a chap getting \$1000 a year your average is fairly good."

And then Everybody set up a howl and they had to stop quarreling to attend to him.

Sarcasm—This incident is related of a Scotch doctor, new to the gun, who ventured upon a day's rabbit shooting.

Chased by the ferrets, bunny was a rather quick moving target, and the medico was not meeting with the success he anticipated.

"Hang it, man," he exclaimed impatiently to the keeper who accompanied him; "these beasts are too quick for me!"

"Aye, doctor," the pawky keeper replied, "but ye surely didna expect them ta be still like yer patients till ye kill them!"

The wife cooked a dish of prunes, which appeared to find no favor with members of the family. The prunes "went begging" for a day or two until the husband, tired of seeing them, decided to get rid of them.

The next evening he found a big dish of prunes at his place.

"You liked those other prunes so well," said his wife, "that I thought I would cook some more."—Indianapolis News.

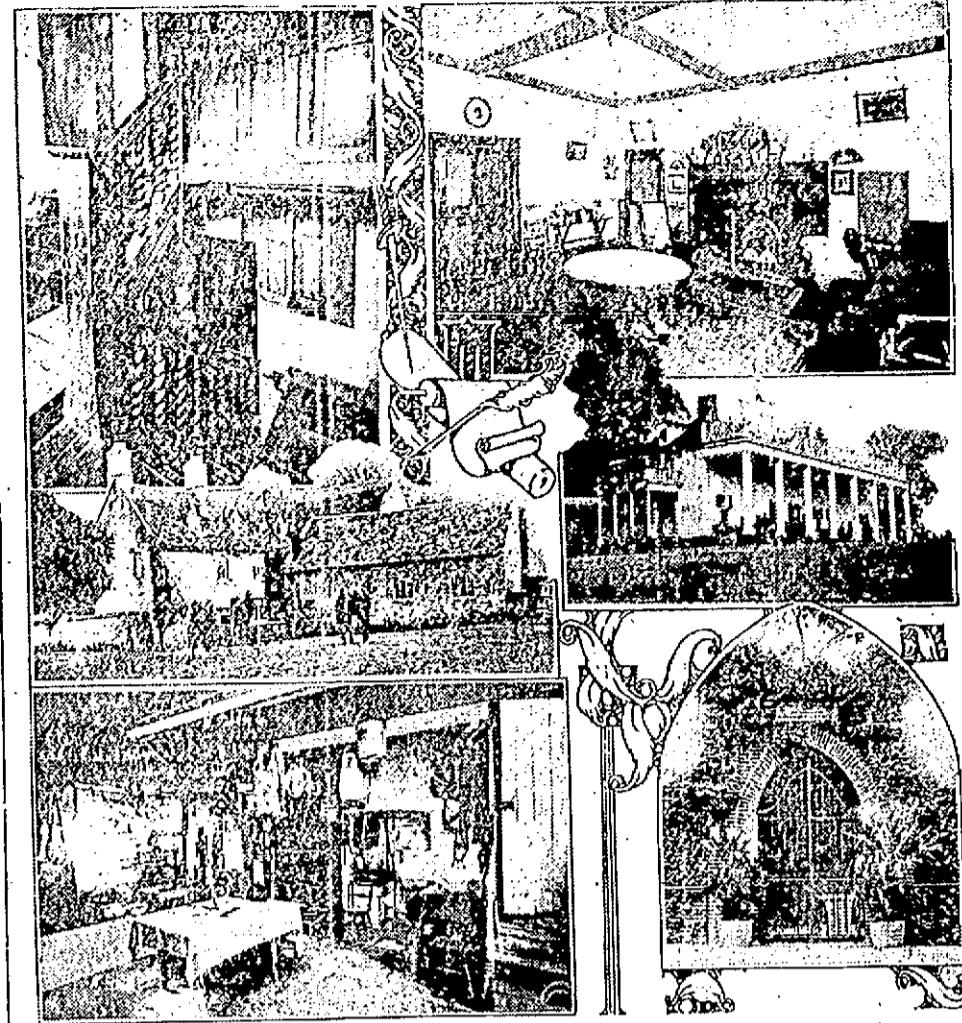
The angry citizen puffed into the office of the city editor.

"See here, sir," he yelled, "what do you mean by publishing my resignation from my political office in this way?"

"You gave the story out yourself, didn't you?" asked the editor.

"Of course I did," replied the angry citizen. "But your fool paper prints it under the head of Public Improvement."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

# A Camera at Mount Vernon



Upper left—Hall and stairway in mansion. Upper right—The parlor. Left center—Old farmhouse on the estate. Right center—The mansion. Lower left—The kitchen. Lower right—Washington's tomb.

## THE SPELL OF MOUNT VERNON

By JAMES A. EDGERTON.  
(Copyright, 1912, by American Press Association.)

**I**T has been nearly seventeen years since I first saw Mount Vernon, but the impression is yet fresh and vivid. There were really two views, one when I passed the place on Potowmack boat and the other when I visited the home and tomb. I cannot quite put into words the spell the spell cast over me, and perhaps to do so would dispel some of the charm. I have visited Mount Vernon since, but never with the same feeling of exaltation or the same reverent sense of the greatness of him who dwelt there.

Probably I should explain at this point that up to that time I had never had the highest appreciation of the immortal George. While little more than a boy I had read history somewhat and formed a boy's conclusions.

Washington's attitude toward France in his last days had impressed me as sneaking of ingratitude, his state coach and court trainings as bearing a touch of aristocracy and even his generosity as revealing weak spots, since he could not win victories or hold his army together. More than all, being a Jeffersonian, I resented his apparent leaning toward Hamilton and the Federalists.

**When Washington Laughed.**

While I had scarcely formulated these thoughts, they were lurking somewhere in the back of my head as I made my first journey to the historic shrine. The trolley running to Mount Vernon starts from Washington, crosses the Potowmack, whirls through the silent fields, red clay banks and oak forests of Virginia, passes between the ancient buildings and over the cobble stones of Alexandria, hums across other fields, forests and red clay gashes in the landscape and finally brings up at a small and very modern cross between building and a shack near the ancient gate of an estate.

It was a day in September when I traversed all this and I think the spell began to work on me before I reached the colonial gateway. The Sabbath stillness perhaps had something to do with it. Autumn sunshine has a touch of magic in it anyway, especially amid quiet hills and wooded stretches.

Before reaching the house there was a long run through the timber. It must have been here that Justice Bushrod Washington and Chief Justice John Marshall, although he did not become chief justice till Adams' term, once were the cause of great laughter to the immortal George. They were on a visit to the general and had brought along a change of clothes, so that they could remove the stains of travel. In the wood they stopped to don the clean garments, only to discover after discarding that they had left their bag and picked up that of a peddler, so that in place of the necessary trousers and coats they had only a lot of old pots and kettles. Their shouts of laughter at this discovery brought the general to the scene, who, when he saw their plight, laughed tremendously that he lay down on the ground and rolled with great whoops.

Not dignified, you say, but very human withal and bringing us common mortals closer to the Father of His Country.

Maybe this was the same wood and

maybe not. Anyway it pleased me to think so, nor did I want to spoil the impression by stopping to inquire. Once within the gate itself I remember several great trees. I do not recall what variety they were, only that they were stately and solemn. Some of them seemed old enough to have been alive when G. W. was on earth.

**Before the Tomb.**

I am not going to describe Mount Vernon. That has been done 50,000 times and is a truism. I am only trying to tell its psychological effects on one visitor. I wandered about in my own way, asking no questions of anybody. I think it was when I was in the house that the spell really began to work. I saw the key of the Bastille presented by Lafayette through Thomas Paine, the music room, the living and dining room, the hallway, the bedroom where Washington died, and all the time I was soaking in a little more of the impression. Then I got out on the front veranda, a regular colonial porch with two story pillars, and looked down the steep, long hill to the

white soul in a new light, his selflessness, his patience, his faith, the way he had won over great obstacles and over heartbreaking desertions and indifference. I thought of his longing for this quiet and beautiful retreat and how he gave it all up to serve his fellow men. I saw his justice, his balance, his wisdom, his spiritual insight. More than all, I saw how he had become emblematic of the hopes of the race. Then I realized that the defects which I had beheld, even if they existed, were but spots on the sun, in the divine currents of history things do not happen by accident. This man was the worthy leader of the greatest group that had appeared on earth in 1,800 years.

**Cincinnatus of the West.**

From the broad bosom of the Potowmack Mount Vernon presents yet a new aspect. Here it is seen as a slight rise, a little hillock in the high shore line. The house is scarcely visible among the trees. The band plays as we pass it, and one involuntarily clutches off a hat and feels a thrill and a choking, for the spell again is on him—the spell of Washington, which is perhaps the mightiest name in the political history of the human race.

**Standing by the railing of the boat on this autumn day so long ago came to my mind the stanza that Byron added to his "Ode to Napoleon."**

Where may the wearied eye repose  
When gazing on the great,  
Where neither guilty glory glows  
Nor despicable state?

Yes, one, the first, the last, the best,  
The Cincinnatus of the west,  
Whom envy dared not hate,  
Debauched the name of Washington.

To make men blush there was but one.

### AMERICA'S DEBT OF PIUS GRATITUDE.

(From Washington's first inaugural.)

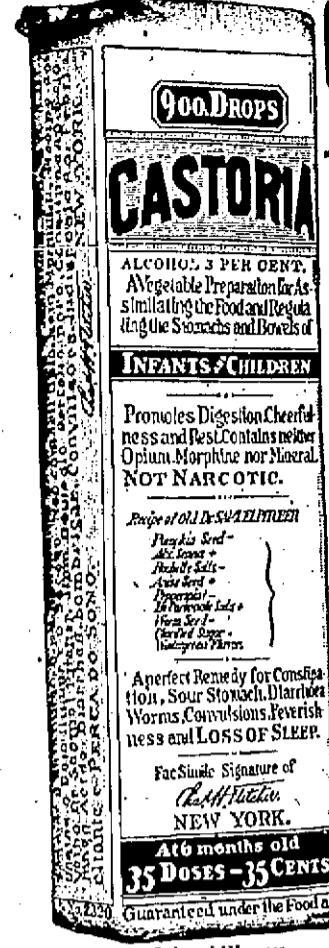
No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore the invisible hand which conducts the affairs of men more than those of the United States. Every step by which they have advanced to the character of an independent nation seems to have been distinguished by some token of providential agency, and in the important revolution just accomplished in the system of their united government the tranquil deliberations and voluntary consent of so many distinct communities from which the event has resulted cannot be compared with the means by which most governments have been established without some return of pious gratitude, along with an humble anticipation of the future blessings which the past seem to preface.

**Diplomatic.**

"Am I all the world to you, Jack, dear?" she cooed.

"You are certainly a fair portion of it," he told her and so made the classic double play of pleasing her and keeping to the exact truth.—Boston Transcript.

**He that sips the evil hurts the good Socrates.**



# CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

*Charles H. Fletcher*  
In Use For Over Thirty Years  
**CASTORIA**  
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

**Moltke Took the Fee.**

Moltke paid repeated visits to his neighbor's villa, and it was there that a droll incident occurred under the chestnut trees of the picturesque garden. One day a stranger looking over the garden railings saw an old man, whose well worn straw hat seemed to be taken by the gardener. "They say that Moltke is on a visit here. Could you tell me, sir, whether it might be possible to catch sight of him?" The old man replied that if the gentleman would come again in the course of the afternoon he might perhaps see Moltke in the garden. In his joy the stranger tendered a shilling to the communicative "gardener," who promptly pocketed it. The stranger's consternation may well be imagined when on his return in the afternoon he beheld the identical old "gardener" walking arm in arm with Major von Burt. Moltke waved a greeting and with a smile called out to him, "I have still got your mark." "German Memories."

**Napoleon and Fate.**

"Augereau once reproached Napoleon for not having died as a soldier should. 'What would you have?' answered the emperor. 'The bullets have spared me; fate has respected me; I respect fate. Besides, Asia has need of a man.'" \* \* \* He always said: "Providence was on his side, for those he had to overcome used always to attack him where he was strongest and never took advantage of the lucky chances that were in their favor." During the Egyptian campaign he was once asleep under the wall of an ancient building when a portion of it fell, without a single stone touching him. On getting up he found a stone in his hand. Examining it, he discovered a cameo of Augustus, of great beauty. "So it goes on. Everything that might injure him only brings happy and often unexpected consequences," adds Princess Louise of Prussia in "Forty-Five Years of My Life."

**BRAILE'S BIG WELL.**

It Would Have Worked Wonders Only If It Was Never Dug.

Perhaps the most idiotic of all the many idiotic schemes with which Britons have been enamored in days gone by was that which was known at the time as Braile's big well. M. Braile was a Belgian engineer, residing temporarily in England, who, in 1848, approached the then prime minister (Lord John Russell) with a scheme for sinking a huge shaft, a mile in diameter and twenty miles in depth, that should tap the earth's internal heat and thereby render England independent of her coal supply, when this gave out.

Lord Russell, always rather attracted by visionary projects, attentively considered the scheme and caused plans and estimates to be drawn up. The first difficulty was the furnish of water, which would have been certain to occur sooner or later. This it was proposed to keep under by pumping, calssons being used for the purpose of further excavation, while the finished portion of the shaft was to be rendered watertight by a "jacket" of granite set in Portland cement.

Mad as the scheme was, it found plenty of advocates, and a provisional bill had been, it was said, actually drafted, when the overthrow of the government on the franchise question was announced, and the whole was thenceforth consigned to oblivion.—Pearson's Weekly.

**Two Poor Ones.**

During one of Edwin Forrest's engagements in Boston a poor artist called several times to see the great actor at the old Whithorn House. Each time he brought a picture which he had painted. He finally left it with a note stating that he was in needy circumstances. Forrest read the note and took the wrapping from the picture. It proved to be a painting of himself as Spartacus. Forrest gazed upon it a moment and then ejaculated to the clerk: "Give him \$10. If he is as poor as his picture he must be on the point of starvation."

**A QUAINTE PHILOSOPHER.**

He Deftly Turned His Little Faults Into Real Virtues.

"In August Strindberg's "Faster" (a play) and Stories," translated from the Swedish by Velma Swanston Howard, is a quaint bit of conscience easing reasoning by a matter of fact philosophical photographer. He had a partner, who posed as a real, a faultless, philosopher. But this matter of fact chap was "full of little eccentricities. For instance, he smoked tobacco all day long; he could never learn to close a door after him; he stuck the knife into his mouth instead of the fork; he went about in the house with his hat on; he macerated his nails in the middle of the atelier, and at night he had to have three mugs of ale. He was full of faults."

To his faultless partner the matter of fact thus justified his shortcomings: "Just consider! I do not drink to excess, therefore I attend to the business. I don't steal, I never speak ill of you. I never complain, I never turn white into black. I'm never unkind to customers. I rise early in the morning, I trim my nails to keep the developer clean. I keep my hat on my head so as not to shed hairs on the plate. I smoke tobacco to clear the atmosphere of noxious fumes, I leave the doorsajar to avoid making a noise in the atelier, I drink ale at night so as not to fall into the whisky habit, and I shave my knife into my mouth to avoid sticking myself with the fork."

"Verily, thou art a great philosopher," said the partner. "Now we shall be friends, and thus we'll make headway."

**Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA**

Her Sister.

HANNAH PARKER KIMBALL.

"Has she gone?"  
The mottled-looking person addressed was peering up the staircase of a farm-house at a woman in black, who leaned from the landing, her hands clasped flat on the rail.

"Yes," she called back, and the other came slowly down.

She was tall and hard featured; so tall that she seemed about to strike her forehead on the floor overhanging the staircase, so hard featured that her fine dark eyes hardly redewed her from gloom. And, if anything, her eyes were red, her whole face disfigured by weeping.

Below, the two turned into a room half-studio, half-parlor, like most parlors of well-to-do farming people to large and prosperous villages. From the ceiling hung a gilt oval decorated with pink flowers; on the floor was a square of carpet woven in those bouquets of roses. And in the centre of the room was bare, but against the wall a great mahogany chair stood at haphazard. Some tiles lying on the mantel exhaled a close, sweet smell. From a room beyond came a "tinkling" as of the piling up of cups and saucers after some festivity. Yet, all the rooms depicted by a company that has left it in disorder, this one seemed full of palpable solitude.

As she sat down, the taller woman cast an almost frightened glance about.

"Did you tell Abner now up, an' take her ter the depot?" she asked, readily.

"She said she guessed abd' walk," said the other, with a troubled look.

"Well," said the taller woman with peculiar bitterness. She raised her hands, then dropped them. In any one of less angular outlines, of less evident well-ordered respectability, the gesture would have seemed almost tragic. The oppressive silence deepened.

At last the taller woman broke out, aggressively, though in an uncertain voice: "Israen White," she said, "he's no use looking that way. It's all well enough for you to be the minister. But as ter aacer' her gettin' there, ab' not a wrinkle on her face, an' Leander tylo, in his collie, and then their shakin' hands with her, ab' makin' much of her, afterwards—see what folks is expected, I s'pose,—two more I could do."

"She was cryin'," said Mrs. White, softly.

"Oh, she can cry," said the other. "But, I tell yer, Sarah White, instead of listenin' ter her minister and the hymns—de Lord knows I'd been glad ter, ef she hadn't been a settin' there—jist went over, in over, 'n over the hump thing in my mind. I guess of I've been over'e out, I hev fifty times—sonce he went. And then to think I'd a'nt forgot it! Yes, s'most forget it all—in these years. And never spoke—but jist that oncet. I dunno's I ever told yer just how they was, Sarah; but I declare I believe I will—now."

She began to speak more rapidly—but in a monotonous tone as if rehearsing something recently learned by note: "I was the week afore the weddin', and Leander, he come inter the ord'nary and lookin' for me. I was in the grape-arbor, and puty down in the mouth, too, I guess. 'I wasn't that I didn't like the girl, wan' enough. I alius said you couldn't like her—same as you'd like a nice kitee that comes rubbin' 'round 'bout b'le' coaxed. And isn't likely I'd have taken her, and done fur her as I did, ef I hadn't liked her pretty well. But I knew well enough what a sister is, in a house where there's a wife. Howeverever, his face was bright enough fur two; and he didn't notice me. 'Come on, Lott, and help fad Debia,' he called out. You remember them both downy sides—whiskers he outer wear? An' his lips was amful' as if he couldn't help it. I never see him look like that ageno. I was just a week afore the weddin' an' Harry'd come down the week afore that. He hadn't got down since the great success he made with his invention!"

Mrs. White stirred, sympathetically. Miss Longman was sitting, neck upright, looking straight before her. "Do you set all right Charlotte?" asked Mrs. White, anxiously; but the other, wholly given to her memories, went on.

"Wat, we run upstairs. I thought I knew well enough where Debia was. The dress was done, an' layin' on the spae-chamber bedstead, an' I thought like a' out she'd be in there lookin' at it. If they hadn't been took up, they'd be heard 'em comin'. Debia she was by the bed, where the dress was, an' Harry, he was standin' with his arm round her, an' his face as red as fire; and jist as we come in, she looked up, an' he kissed her."

Leander went down-stairs without a word. The sadness of it made the older queer, I guess. I recollect sayin' he'd daughter was ashamed; an' the brother-in-law'd the right ter kiss the bride, an' I dunno what all. Not that way, ho sez;—and that was all.

When Harry came down-stairs, at last, I thought the morn I set eyes on his face, that maybe Leander was in the right o't. He called Harry inter the settin'-room where he was. I couldn't help hearin' part of what went on; I heard Leander's voice as I never heard it before nor sense. "By Gouf he etz, an' you know he never swore, Sarah." By God, you shall marry her! Let 'em talk! You shall marry her! Then Harry said somethin', an' I heard Leander again. "D, ye love her, or not? I called out; an' they said somethin' the, an' twas all quiet. But if ever there was a bell in any house, twas in our's that week, Debia, Debia, she cried. Then she said she'd go 'ay somewhere' forever. But Leander declared she shouldn't. So she set with her eyes on her plate, an' eatin' a thing ter speal, of all that week. Harry, he went off, an' said he'd be back in plenty of season. I seen' em look at each other when he went,—they didn't seem ter dare do much more, an' I'd dare I thought, ef I'd never thought afore, that Leander was in the rights o't. Wat, you know how he had the weddin', on Tuesday, jist ter come, with only our fads an' yore. An' you know how they talked; an' how my brother Leander looked all that summer. An' now when this woman comes down ter the fads and selas' crles, you an' the minister think that's enough. It beats me! An' I dunno but you pity me;—ye do, for aight I know!"

"No-o, I dunno's I say it's enough—exactly," said Mrs. White, dubiously. But she added, with more spirit: "Sorry I be for you, Charlotte Longman, I do say, an' I know I'd oughter say it;—that is stat' for os ter say who's punished who who's punished in this world. An' it isn't fur us ter ter punsh people, I should say—men leavin' in our own houses."

Miss Longman rose impatiently, a world of rev'l in the movement.

"I guess we might've well go, now," she said curtly.

The two passed through a wicket be-

side the house into a broad meadow, green, touched with frost. They went noiselessly, their footfalls muffled by the soft grass. The autumn afternoon was full of the pale glow of a sky of transparent clearness. The great peace of atmospheric purity seemed settling visibly over the wide space. Miss Longman moved quickly, her steps had ceased, some time before, but there was a tensed look on her strong disfigured face. To spite of herself, all seemed still surged through her brain, wearied with night-watching and grief. Now, she saw Leander, his gray hair ruffled; his gray eyes looking ludicrously over his newspaper when she arose. She saw him leaning on his scythe, big drops of his bronzed perspiration falling, pulling deep draughts from the jug she brought him. She saw him, still with herself, on the doorway; after a brief day's work—for no one could say he was not a good farmer, did not keep him up, for all his bodily sweat was. There was a great stillness in the air, and themselves at peace, they watched the fading sky. Full of anguish, the saw him on his deathbed, the hence dolorous long, drawn-out cheeks, the softands, yet clear look of his eyes, the tumbled sheets which she could not straighten enough. And she heard again, also the strange words he had let fall with such evident sincerity. That evening had seemed very still. With her strong arms and knees she had pushed his bed to the window. His eyes had swept the sky before he spoke,

"She was always a pretty creature, Lott,—" with them lips an' eyes of her," he said. "Singin' like how we alius felt as of she plunged terms, by rights,—spite of all, 'Preps of I didn't make her marry him—right off;—she'd be comin' round. Women do, I've thought of that a heap o' times. But I was crazy, like them matrys they tell 'bout. Lott, Yes, 'twas like bolling oil. Since this fever, it feels just's I did then,—only now I kin like it, bein', I kinder like it now. It's been again. An' I see her plainer'n ever I did;—an' I've seen her party plain, too, sometimes;—heard her, too. Did you ever tuluk that teela brown bird that sang them dry summars in the sun sounded like her?—Wat, I guess I should be struck him,—sooner 't later,—ef he hadn't gone off for the weddin'. But, Lott, I guess 'kward's no way ter do. I s'pose he's giv her heaps o' fixins',—fust an' last;—but I guess he wasn't no great hand with women-folks, for all the ways. But ef she was sorry, whose fault was it? I've thought of that a powerful deal, too. But I listened enough.

After she was gone for bed, an' you was quiet up-stairs, I'd creep out, an' listen, an' listen. When she was soppin' to, ef she'd said a word 'bout me, my name or anything, ye know,—an' she might be said that,—I'd be opened the door, an' gone, an' tak her in my arms; or else I'd struck her. I've often wondered which. It's most crazed me sometimes,—seelin' her round so. But mostly, I've liked it. I guess there she's in many places 'bout the old farm where she's not been with me. I've had her in my eyes, sometimes;—but in a dream;—yes, I guess mostly in a kind of dream."

His sister had held her breath for him to go on. "I kin feel her painin',—hurt," he had said; then: "that was when I set af we hadn't better git married, yet know. I thought I'd do bout, this time o' day,"—when yer don't see each other so awful plain; n' I waited fur real good sunset. Seemed ter me I would make a heap o' differ whether 'twas red or yellow.—Maybe of I'd tak a yellor one, I'd a' dose better;—but somehow I allus liked this red kind best.—There she is!—I declar of she's offed a mate this evenin'!"

As the sister had heard the words, they had seemed to burn her;—at they were too full of fever. He was not ravish. He had only spoken himself out,—at last.

Miss Longman was of those who cherish the past for its simple, tenderness, its honest devotion, but she must feel herself moving pre-emptively among these memories, to give them value. Now in the torturing confusion of her mind, before this patient, surprised as it were still living in the sick man, one feeling predominated,—an intolerable sense of repulsion, of almost physical disgust, as before something so strange, so unexpected, as to seem ugly, uncanny,—absurdly absurd.

But now the grave-yard was in sight. From a slope the two women saw the tall shafts standing pallidly; the drugged tablets standing at many angles, here and there a faded rosemary on a mound. That morning Miss Longman, her veil decorously drawn over her working face, had solemnly approached the cemetery from the village road. Now, her veil thrown back, she rapidly picked her way between the graves.

Suddenly she stopped. "Sarah," she said, with a kind of gasp, "will you tell her to go away?—that I'm here?"

An' White stood petrified. By the grave they sought stood a woman. She was very pretty. Her roses were a little faded, for she was no longer young, but the curves of her face and figure still retained a charm. For the second time that day Mrs. White noticed how her soft lips trembled;—and also the smoothness and delicacy of her quiet dress; but everybody said Harry Longman had made a fortune "inventive". As it is a draw, Mrs. White saw the woman beneath Miss Longman by look and gesture, and when the other did not respond, turn slowly away. Then Sarah White roused herself. All her Christian weakness and forbearance seemed to surge with her. They overcame the intense repellent power she felt in the woman beside her, and she said,

"Call her back," she said.

"Call her back?" said the other, fiercely.

"You al' her ter come," went on the admiring voice.

"No, he at her," said the other, almost with a wail. The secret of all her bitterness was in the cry. She tossed her hands again, with that touch of the tragic which had vaguely alarmed her friend. Her face grew red as if in the glow of a hot fire.

"No, he at her," she repeated, as if forced to justification, to say it. "She spoilt his life for him—and he loved her—just the same—ter treat her,—like this,—when she did come?" she asked at last, in a kind of ecstasy of inexcusable mildness.

Miss Longman turned to the grave. The still bouquets were swaying upon it. They had begun to fade, and in the sunbeams the clayey soil had already become caked and cracked. The spot had a look of desolation, of drought and bleakness. Her head seemed bursting; her soul rose in protest against Sarah, against all stupid people who could not understand of what she was

said. She made one more fierce effort to regain the beat she knew, her life, her past, old and dear batch of thought, the half-contemplative tolerance for the half-forgotten Debia, the intense, almost material view of poverty in the dead man. With her wounded love still struggling within her, she gazed on the grave.

She sought to read it as she might have sought to read the gentle, impassive face beneath—stirring, at last, to understand him, to grasp the rest among the thoughts and wishes she still faintly left him. A few birds yet perched on the grave wreathed evergreen to another. After Longman said at last, hoarsely, "Is she to fight yet?" The peacekeeper bow to the gate, and the two women reached the grave out of respect, as if they had been running. Miss Longman stretched a hand across the ugly mound, and took one of Mr. Harry Longman's cold ones.

"There, there, there—Debia," she said, with an effort, "perhaps you could help us; you've done."

Miss Longman's large eyes swam her pretty figure away, as if she would have leaned across the grave for a warmer embrace, but the other shrank her by the hand conclusively, though she caught her breath in something like a sob. "There, there, there," she repeated, and then, with another electric thrill, "I don't jest know whose fault it is. I'm so mixed up, I don't think. But you go 'way 'aint my feelin', I guess I kin stand what's went me." She would have dropped the other's hand, but it clung to hers. "Yer might write—now an' them—'bout Harry, an'—an'—the children," said Miss Longman; "an' you'd better stop an' ask Abe for lunch up!" Mr. Longman sobbed. "Yes," lingering over the hand she held. Then, after a little, as if further speech was forbidden her, she went softly away. The two women watched her trudging her grateful way between the mounds, then passing through the gate, then down the long, maple avenue which led to the village. Now and then a yellow leaf, dropped and fluttered feebly about her, like a big, yellow butterfly struck with sudden age or chill.

When she was gone, Mrs. White would have put an arm around her friend, but the other shook her off, and stooping over the grave, began to straighten the fading flowers away upon it, with a gesture which brought the sudden, hot tears to Sarah's eyes. But ef she was sorry, whose fault was it? I've thought of that a powerful deal, too. But I listened enough.

A Wonderful Shot.

They were tellin' how well they could shoot, and Tom Dawson recalled a duck hunt in which he had brought down five birds with one shot.

"Talk about shootin'!" began old man Tifford. "I saw Jim Ferris do a mighty neat piece of work one day. His wife was puttin' out the washin', and she was complainin' about the pesky sparrows啄in' din' marks on the damp clothes with their feet.

"They're thick as bees around here," says she. "There's seven o' em sittin' on the clothesline this blessed minute."

"I'll fix 'em," says Jim, takin' his shotgun; he shoots it with the aim keeps loads with fine bird shot. He tipped to the door, took aim and—"Killed every one of them sparrows," broked Dawson.

"You're wrong," corrected Tifford calmly. "He never tecched 'em, but when his wife took in the washin' she found she had three pair of open work stockings and a fine peacock blue waist."

An' Dawson was telling how he would make a heap o' differ whether 'twas red or yellow,—Maybe of I'd tak a yellor one, I'd a' dose better;—but somehow I allus liked this red kind best.—There she is!—I declar of she's offed a mate this evenin'!"

Rather Out of The Ordinary.

He was the very greenest recruit that had ever listed beneath the Old Flag, and he was doing his first guard. Along came the orderly officer on his rounds.

"What would you do in the event of anything unusual happening?" snapped the officer, wishing to test the "rookies" knowledge.

"At once alarm the guard," replied the orderly, glancing orders from memory.

"Hum," snorted the officer. Then an idea struck him, "What would you do in case of unusual occurrences?" he demanded.

The orderly was silent.

"Come, now, my man," ordered the officer sharply. "What would you consider an unusual occurrence?"

A moment longer the orderly thought hard; then his face brightened.

"Well, sir," he replied, slowly. "If I was to see that there's a critter in the house."

The worker looked around for several days and then reported.

"I can't find a door without plenty of doorknobs."

"Not one door."

"Nary a dor. Guess I'll go home."

"Wait a bit," said the boss. "You have been a good party worker. I'll have a door cut for you!"—Pittsburgh Post.

Lincoln's Task As President.

(From Arlind Gilbert's "More Than Conqueror" in March St. Nicholas.)

Lincoln's task as President required not only all his keen brain and responsive heart, but all his rugged endurance. For the stock of health, won by outdoor training, would be needed as a brace for the long strain of the long days. As Emerson rightly said, "Here was place for no holiday magistrate, no fair-weather editor; the no-pilot was hurried to the helm in a tornado." His story is the story not only of the whole civil war—"four years of battle days"—but the story of a man wedged in every side with unnumbered personal demands, and, at the same time, the story of a man who kept himself so single a man, aside from his presidential office, that history leaves us a hundred memories of good times spent with Tad, and of tenderances to the private soldier.

His Recommendation.

Jones—Halloway, Bill I hear you have a position with my friends, Skinner & Co?

Bill—Oh, yes, I have a position as collector there.

Jones—That's first-rate. Who recommended you?

Bill—Oh, nobody. I told them I once collected a bill from you and they finally gave me the place.

Blue sky promoters are men so optimistic where other people's money is concerned that they will promote not merely barrel gold and silver mines, but the blue sky itself.

Postmaster General Hitchcock was talking about a blue sky promoter who had been convicted of fraud.

"This man's mine," he said, "reminded me to his scarcity of gold of the railroad sandwich."

"There ain't no ham in this here sandwich," a man growled, seated on a high stool before the marble bar of an old fashion railway restaurant.

"Oh, you ain't come to the ham, yet," the attendant answered easily.

"The ham sits on a white tongue."

Then he growled again:

"There ain't no ham yet."

"Oh," said the attendant, "you've bit over it now."

## A Word to Lads on Athletics.

(From "The Boy and the Man" in the March St. Nicholas.)

No winter thing can be done by you to insure your happiness and success in life than to take an

**Historical and Genealogical.****Notes and Queries.**

In sending matter to this department the following points must be absolutely observed:  
1. Name and date must be clearly written.  
2. The full name and address of the writer must be given.  
3. All questions must be submitted with clearness.  
4. Write on one side of the paper only.  
5. The queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query, the date of the signature.  
6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be blank stamped and accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to  
Miss E. M. TILLEY,  
Newport Historical Room,  
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1913.

**NOTES.**

**OLD NEWPORT CEMETERIES—Inscriptions in possession of the Newport Historical Society.**—E. M. T. COOKE.

Pain, John, d. May 17, 1701, ag. 62 yrs.—Common ground.

Parsons, John, born Summersetts, Eng., d. June 12, 1751, ag. 31 y.—Common ground.

Pate, Elizabeth, of John and Sarah, d. Apr. 7, 1760, ag. 14 d.—Common ground.

Pate, John, d. Nov. 22, 1759, ag. 23 yrs.—Common ground.

Pate, Sarah, wife of John, afterward wife of Wm. Wilson, Tower Hill, d. Oct. 16, 1762, ag. 28 yrs.—Common ground.

Parrett, Simon, d. May 25, 1718, ag. 84 yrs.—Common ground.

Parrett, Elizabeth, wife of Simon, d. Oct. 20, 1705, ag. 78 yrs.—Common ground.

Pate, Elizabeth, of John and Sarah, d. June 22, 1765, ag. 26 yrs.—Common ground.

Packon, Dinah, 2d, wife of Timothy, d. Nov. 6, 1750, ag. 60 yrs.—Common ground.

Packon, Rachel, wife of Timothy, d. Feb. 18, 1711, ag. 29 yrs.—Common ground.

Pebbody, Benjamin, d. 1791.—Common ground.

Pebbody, Abigail, wife of Benjamin.—Common ground.

Pebbody, Benjamin, of Benjamin and Abigail, d. Sept. 25, 1762, ag. 2 y. 4 dy.—Common ground.

Pebbody, Deacon Benjamin, d. 1794.—Common ground.

Pete, Simon, d. Nov. 24, 1777, ag. 43 yrs.—Common ground.

Pease, Judith, of Simon and Martha, d. June 22, 1765, ag. 26 yrs.—Common ground.

Pease, Martha, of Simon and Martha, d. Oct. 6, 1765, ag. 21 yrs.—Common ground.

Pease, Francis, son of Simon and Martha, d. Aug. 6, 1735, ag. 5 y. 4 m. 25 d.—Common ground.

Pease, Wm. son of Simon and Martha, d. June 1733, ag. 8 y. 11 m.—Common ground.

Pease, Wm. of Wm. and Judith, d. Sept. 15, 1726, ag. 23 yrs.—Common ground.

Pease, Simon, Esq., d. Mar. 81, 1739, ag. 74 yrs. (b. 1665).—Common ground.

Pease, Martha, widow of Simon, d. June 1, 1728, ag. 81 yrs.—Common ground.

Pease, Elizabeth, of Simon and Martha, d. July 27, 1720, ag. 16 yrs.—Common ground.

Peacham, James, d. 1787.—Coaster's Harbor.

Peacham, Sarah, widow of James, d. Sept. 23, 1775, ag. 78 yrs.—Common ground.

Peacham, Thomas, of Thomas and Sarah, d. Feb. 8, 1723-4, ag. 6 m. 2 d.—Common ground.

Peacham, Eliz'th, of Capt. Peleg and Elizabeth, wife of George Hall, died Apr. 6, 1702, ag. 51 yrs.—Common ground.

Peacham, Thankful, wife of John, d. Aug. 28, 1741, ag. 29 yrs.—Common ground.

Peacham, Ruth, of Isaac and Ruth, d. Nov. 30, 1774, ag. 16 yrs.—Common ground.

Peacham, Margaret, wife of Clement, M. Niuyard, d. Sept. 1, 1748, ag. 26 yrs.—Common ground.

Peacham, Isaac, d. Apr. 16, 1707, ag. 40 yrs.—Common ground.

Peacham, Ruth, widow of Isaac, d. Feb. 22, 1791, ag. 64 yrs.—Common ground.

Peacham, Ruth, of Isaac and Ruth, d. Nov. 30, 1774, ag. 16 yrs.—Common ground.

Peacham, Benson d. Nov. 4, 1703, ag. 68 yrs.—Common ground.

Peacham, David, of Caleb and Mary, d. Dec. 9, 1748, ag. 8 mos. 23 d.—Common ground.

Peacham, John, of Caleb and Mary, d. Aug. 16, 1742, ag. 6 m. 14 d.—Common ground.

Peacham, Benjamin, of Caleb and Mary, d. Aug. 20, 1705, ag. 8 y. 8 m.—Common ground.

Peacham, Jane, wife of Philip, d. Apr. 24, 1750, ag. 76 yrs.—Common ground.

Peacham, Caleb, d. Jan. 8, 1766, ag. 55 yrs.—Common ground.

Peacham, Nathaniel, d. Nov. 23, 1766, ag. 30 yrs.—Common ground.

Peacham, Henry and Abigail, d. Dec. 6, 1797, ag. 5 yrs.—Island Cemetery.

Peacham, Mary, of Henry and Abigail, d. June 8, 1707, ag. 13 mos.—Island Cemetery.

Peacham, Patience, of Geo. Hazard and Sarah, d. Nov. 4, 1705, ag. 4 mos. 5 days.—Island Cemetery.

To be continued.

**A MASSACHUSETTS MINE—Concluded.**